

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and
 Perfumes to kill the sinell o'th prison, after
 When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but *Arcite*
 I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce
 Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
 So noble beare a guilty busines! none
 But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
 In this kinde is so bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon*.

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
 Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person
 Without hipocrisy I may not wish

Winde hornes of Cornets.

More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
 Enter your Musicke least this match between's
 Be crost, er met, give me your hand, farewell.
 Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
 Take comfort and be strong.

Pal. Pray hold your promise;
 And doe the deede with a bent brow, most creaine
 You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
 This oile out of your language, by this ayre
 I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my stomach
 not reconcild by reason,

Arc. Plainely spoken,
 Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

Winde hornes.

My horse, I chide him nor; content, and anger
 In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
 The scatterd to the Banket; you must guesse
 I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
 Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
 Vnjustly is atcheev'd.

Arc. If a good title,
 I am perswaded this question sicke between's,

By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a Souldier
 That to your Sword you will bequeath
 And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
 You are going now to gaze upon mine
 For note you, mine she is.

Arc. Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
 You talke of feeding me to breed me
 You are going now to looke upon a
 That strengthens what it looks on,
 You have a vantage ore me; but enjoy
 I may enforce my remedy. Farewell

Scæna 2. Enter Iaylors daugh.

Daugh. He has mistooke; the Bea
 After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh m
 No matter, would it were perpetuall
 And darkenes Lord o'th world, Har
 In me hath greife slaine feare, and bu
 I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*
 I wreake not if the wolves would ja
 He had this File; what if I hallowd
 I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what
 If he not answerd, I should call a w
 And doe him but that service. I have
 Strange howles this live-long night
 They have made prey of him? he has
 He cannot run, the lengling of his G
 Might call fell things to listen, who
 A sence to know a man unarmed, and
 Smell where resistance is. Ile set it o
 He's torne to peeces, they howld m
 And then they feed on him: So much
 Be bold to ring the Bell; how stan
 All's char'd when he is gone, No, ne
 My Father's to be hang'd for his e
 My selfe to beg, if I prizd life so mu
 As to deny my aet, but that I would

By